

THE LONG WALK

Written by

Anthony Wray

@Anthony_C_Wray

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF ARMY MAN'S HOME - NIGHT (2009,
DREAM SEQUENCE)

The door is dark with only a shimmer on the handle from the moonlight. The porch light is off.

The yard between the porch and sidewalk is barely lit up from the street light.

On the sidewalk an ARMY MAN, in his 20s, stands in his Army Combat Uniform with a military duffle bag at his side. His gaze fixed on the door.

An engine idles from a stationary vehicle. The DRIVER, in his 50s, has his head out the window with his arm draped along the door.

DRIVER
How long has it been?

The Army Man doesn't look back.

ARMY MAN
Eighteen months.

DRIVER
Wow!

DRIVER
First deployment?

ARMY MAN
Yeah.

DRIVER
Well, welcome home.

The Driver begins to place his head back into the vehicle.

ARMY MAN
I didn't tell her I was coming home.

The Driver snaps his head back out the window. His mouth gaping open.

ARMY MAN
Several guys came home last week. Wives gone. Children gone. One even found his wife with another guy.

DRIVER
Well, I'm sure your lady is different.

ARMY MAN

Yeah.

Army Man pulls out a fifty dollar bill from his pocket and turns to hand it to the Driver.

The Driver waves it off.

DRIVER

No charge.

Army Man places the money back into his pocket.

ARMY MAN

Thank you.

DRIVER

No problem. Welcome home.

The Driver places his head into the vehicle and drives off.

Army Man takes a deep breath, swallows, picks up his bag and walks to the door.

He reaches for the handle, but clenches his fist.

ARMY MAN

Just. Just open the door.

He opens his hand and turns the handle, it's unlocked. He pushes it open.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Only the hall light is on. He places his bag down on the floor. A statue of Buddha faces the hallway as it sits by the front door. He touches the top of Buddha's head.

He snaps his head towards the hall. Faint sounds can be heard. He walks to the hall.

INT. HALLWAY

As he enters the hall the sounds turn to moans. His boots brush the carpet with each step. His head turns towards one of the doors.

The sounds are loud.

He reaches for the handle and twists. Taking a deep breath, he then bursts through the door.

INT. BEDROOM

Army Man turns on the light as he bursts into the room.

A WOMAN, in her 20s with long hair, and a MAN, in his 20s with a few tattoos, are in bed together. They struggle against the sheets to look at the intruder.

Man
What the Hell?

WOMAN
John?

ARMY MAN
What do we have here?

WOMAN
John, what are you doing home?

Man looks at Woman in dismay.

MAN
John? Your husband?

ARMY MAN
Oh, yes. Now what to do about this
naughty situation?

Army Man lifts his hand up with his finger extended, widens his eyes and opens his mouth as if in an ah-ha moment. He then walks to the dresser, opens the second drawer from the top, and reaches in with his hand for his 9mm pistol.

WOMAN
What are you doing?

Man springs off the bed and tries to flee.

Army Man turns with his pistol in his hand.

MAN
What the fuck?

ARMY MAN
Leaving so soon are we?

Army Man looks down at the barrel, touches it, and looks up with his eyes while his head is still lowered and smiles.

ARMY MAN
You can't leave yet. You haven't
seen my party trick.

Army Man chuckles.

Man backs up to the bed. Woman huddles on the bed as she reaches for the Man for protection.

MAN
You sick fuck.

WOMAN
John, don't. No.

The Army Man lifts his head up scanning between both the Man and Woman waving the pistol at them and begins to walk forward.

The Woman grips the Man's arm as she huddles hiding her face so she cannot see.

The Man raises his hand as if to ask someone to stop.

MAN
Hey man. You don't have to do this.

Army Man pulls and locks the hammer back, switches the pistol from safe to single shot and aims with both hands.

ARMY MAN
Oh, but I do.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF ARMY MAN'S HOME - NIGHT (PRESENT)

The Driver is at the rear of the vehicle and shuts the trunk, CLUNK, it latches shut.

The Army Man, standing on the sidewalk, snaps and jolts his head to the Driver. His face covered in sweat.

DRIVER
Here is your bag, sir.

ARMY MAN
O. Okay.

DRIVER
Are you all right?

Army Man wipes his face with his sleeve.

ARMY MAN
Yeah. Yeah, I'm all right.

The Army Man takes his bag and offers a fifty dollar bill to the Driver.

DRIVER

No charge. You have a good night.

The Driver opens the vehicle's door, gets in, and drives off.

The Army Man watches as the vehicle leaves as he places the cash in his pocket and then looks to the dark door. He takes a deep breath forcing the air out, picks up his bag, and treads towards the door.

A small tree limb snaps.

Army Man stops, shrinks low to the ground and looks to his left towards the sound.

He takes a deep breath, shakes it off and returns to his feet. His hand clutches the bag tighter and the other hand trembles with each step drawing closer.

The door remains dark. No lights shine through the windows.

His boots brush against the pavement the closer he gets.

At the door, he reaches for the handle but stops. His breath is heavy through his nose.

He shakes his head and exhales through his mouth and reaches for the handle.

The porch light comes on and he startles back a step.

Then the door opens and the Woman steps out. She covers her mouth and then reaches with both arms as she falls into the Army Man's chest.

WOMAN

John, You're home?

Army Man drops his bag and wraps his arms around her. He smiles.

ARMY MAN

Yes, sweet heart. I'm home.

END